

DIET SQUAD RAISES A DOMESTIC ISSUE

Educational and Should Not Promote Family Dissension REALLY MEANT TO TEACH Economy the Watchword and Design of the Movement

By LISETTA NEUKOM

The diet squad has raised a problem it did not intend to raise. It is now accused of causing dissension in the home where husbands and wives should be made immediately to feed the family on twenty-five cents a day per person...

LISETTA NEUKOM Washington woman at the Lighthouse. She said: "This squad will be the means of breaking up homes. Men think their wives should be able to feed them and their families on twenty-five cents a day, too, because it can be done on the squad. I know one man who had a fearful fight with his wife because she cannot do it."

She was angry about the squad, and she did not seem to realize that the squad is an educational matter, and that women cannot be expected to be able to accomplish this thing in a day or a minute. She herself took the stand of an irate husband.

Now on this the last day of the two weeks' twenty-five-cent-a-day squad, I went back to tell a few things that have been told to us by eminent speakers concerning this very question—that men expect their wives to do this thing immediately. The aim of the diet squad is not to make people live on twenty-five cents a day, although it can be done. The aim is to teach people that they can live on twenty-five cents a day and that they can use cheaper foods which have large food value and dispense with the expensive ones which have little nourishment.

TO ELIMINATE WASTE The aim is also to eliminate waste and teach the American housewife to stop wasting. Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, for instance, told us that in this country it has been found that one-third of the entire food supply is wasted. He said this same thing had held true in England before the war.

But the war has changed a great deal of the waste in England," he said. "For instance, I found that since the Government has had a cut down a loaf of bread is made for each person that loaf of bread is saved, not wasted. In a family of six, for instance, before the war thirty-six loaves of bread were eaten. Now there are thirty loaves of bread to the same family. But

the people get just as much food and the six loaves are not missed, because the people eat the whole thirty loaves instead of eating just thirty and wasting the six." Doctor Taylor said the same thing is true in this country. He says the matter of reducing the cost of living is one education and the nation cannot expect to do it in a day. Harvey M. Watts, of the Public Lighthouse, told us a similar thing. He told how a canvasser of the garbage of the city of New York showed that the people of the poorer districts had much more garbage than other sections of the city had in comparison. "The frugal peasant who comes to this country loses his habits of thrift," said Mr. Watts. "He hears he is in a land of plenty, and, of course, is earning more money than he ever did before in his life, so he thinks it is not necessary to save, and he does not." He said, too, that in this country we have a tradition that teaches, "If you would live well, live extravagantly."

The diet squad is aiming not to teach the family to live on just twenty-five cents a day and more, but that it can live and get enough nourishment to carry on daily tasks and rebuild body tissues on much less than is being spent today if the wife but knows how to buy foods and prepare them so that the maximum nourishment is obtained.

C. S. Kates, chairman of the food values committee of the Mayor's food investigation commission, told me that he knew that a diet squad had been organized on an experimental stage and that it had reached the demonstration period.

"It is now a question of how we can teach the American housewife how she can buy and prepare nourishing food for her family," he said, "and for that reason our committee, consisting of some of the leading food value experts in the United States, has recommended to the Mayor that we have a great demonstration and let the women of Philadelphia see how this can be done. We suggest that Horticultural Hall be used for two weeks, starting the last week in April, and that we make meals for five, six, eight and twelve cents, as they have been done on the diet squad at the Lighthouse."

"This diet squad movement must not stop when the two weeks are over. We must get the message over to the American housewife. And we hope to do it in Philadelphia with the aid of from 5000 to 20,000 social workers and dietitians and nurses all aiding in the education of the American housewife."

Another man told me that he knew it was impossible for women to learn these things immediately, and he thought it a shame that some of the Philadelphia husbands should blame their wives and threaten to reduce the household budget because the diet squad could live on twenty-five cents a day per person and his wife couldn't.

"It is a matter of education," that is what we have heard every day from the eminent speakers who have been with us. From Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, the director of the Life Extension Institute, down on through all the speakers it has been the same thing. "Taking the consensus of opinion, most of the women are not to blame. All they need is a chance. They are just as anxious to reduce the cost of living as the men are."

We eight members of the squad hope we have helped blaze a trail and that the work will go on and that we have not "died in vain."

Bridegroom Missing at Wedding BALTIMORE, March 19.—Marie E. Laake, a maid in a prominent family had arranged to wed Richard Kurtzman, a jeweler and collector, and went to the church with her bridesmaids. The bridegroom failed to appear.

Blaze in Lock Works Firemen who put out a slight blaze early today at the Miller Lock Company's plant, at Tacony and Duncan streets, Frankford, climbed in the second-story windows and then went down to the first floor. The fire, which was caused by spontaneous combustion, was quickly extinguished.

RICE RICH IN FOOD VALUES WHEN USED AS A VEGETABLE

Life Extension Institute Gives Test Recipes for High-Grade Dishes Prepared With One of Cheapest Articles Now on Market

THE amount of food energy in rice is little known to the average American housewife. The American woman thinks that rice is a dish for a dessert—a rice pudding with raisins. Few know that it has as much food value as many much more expensive foods. For instance, just two-thirds of a cupful of rice and cheese as prepared by one of the recipes printed below has twice the food value of a whole glass of milk or the value of four slices of white bread, and twice the food value of a cup of cooked oatmeal.

When the housewife wants a palatable and a cheap nourishing dish she should not forget rice. Just now, when the high cost of living is hitting almost every article of food, it is finding its way into the kitchen as a cheap food for five cents a pound, or five pounds for the twenty-three cents.

ITALIAN RECIPES The Italians of the city realize the food value of rice. One Italian recipe takes one cupful of rice. This should be poured slowly into four cupfuls of boiling water and cooked until soft and then drained. Then it should be fried in butter and seasoned with a little salt. When this is done a cupful of canned tomatoes should be added and all cooked together until done.

There is another Italian rice dish which requires the use of garlic. To make this, first take three tablespoons of olive oil and in this fry one clove of garlic which has been cut up in tiny pieces. Into this oil one cupful of canned tomatoes or one cupful of minced fresh tomatoes and cook all together. To this add three cupfuls of water and bring to a boil. Then slowly pour in one cupful of raw rice and boil all together until the rice is tender.

The Life Extension Institute, under whose auspices the diet squad was held in this city, lays special emphasis on the food value of rice.

TESTED USES OF RICE Here are four recipes which the Institute has tested and which have been used by the diet squad. They are worth saving. Each recipe is for five persons.

Steamed rice: Ingredients—Two cupfuls of whole rice or one cupful of broken rice; four cupfuls of water; four teaspoonfuls of salt; four teaspoonfuls of fat.

Directions—Let the water boil. Wash the rice in cold water. Drain. Put the rice and fat in the six cupfuls of boiling water, then put in the rice. Continually stir it until it starts to cook and then let it cook slowly without stirring. When it has cooked for about ten minutes, wash it off in hot water. Then put it in another pot with two teaspoonfuls of fat and set in a double boiler if you have one. Set on back of the stove and let steam, covered closely until the rice is done.

Reheated rice and tomatoes: Ingredients—Three-quarters cupful of rice, one and one-half cupfuls of salt, six cupfuls of boiling water, three-quarters cupful of minced tomatoes and three tablespoonfuls of fat. Wash the rice, drain it and then pour it into the six cupfuls of boiling water, in which the one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt have been added. Boil the rice for about half done, which will be about fifteen minutes. Then drain the rice and arrange in layers with tomatoes in a shallow baking dish. Dot over the tomatoes with a little fat. Bake the top layer of rice with a little salt and add water (half cupful or more) to come to the top of the rice. Bake in oven for about half an hour. Rice has a

rice, one cupful of tomato pulp (that is tomatoes which have been put through a sieve), three tablespoonfuls of fat, pepper, half an onion, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, two and one-half cupfuls of water. Add rice to about six cupfuls of boiling water and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire and drain. Fry onion in a saucepan with the fat until it is light brown. Add the rice and cook, stirring constantly until the fat is absorbed. Add tomato pulp, salt, pepper and water. Cook until the rice has absorbed the liquid and is tender. Mold in a cup and serve hot.

CHEESE RECIPE Baked rice and cheese: Ingredients—Three-quarters cupful of rice, five cupfuls of boiling water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-eighth pound of cheese and four tablespoonfuls of fat. Wash rice. Stir gradually into boiling salt water and cook until the rice is tender; that is, twenty-five or thirty minutes. Into a greased baking dish put alternate layers of rice and grated cheese, dotting the cheese with bits of fat. Put into a hot oven for about ten minutes, allowing the rice to brown on top. Fat in these recipes means either butter or butter substitutes.

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ARRANGE ROSE FESTIVAL The national exhibition opens tomorrow in the First Regiment Armory. From top to bottom are S. S. Pennock, of Philadelphia, president of the American Rose Society; John P. Habermehl, in charge of decorations, and Fred Cowperthwaite, secretary of the Philadelphia committee in charge of the festival.

ROSES OF RADIANT BEAUTY TO BE SHOWN First Regiment Armory Will Be Scene of Splendid Exhibition This Week

Roses which have never before been seen by the public, together with scores of varieties of that beautiful flower which are known to all, will be on exhibition in the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets, in the annual rose festival which begins tomorrow and continues three days. This is the first exhibit given by the American Rose Society as a separate show, and according to those who have the affair in charge, it will be a huge success. If number of exhibitors count for anything, it was then clipped.

The American Rose Society, local business houses, individuals and floral concerns in all parts of the country have offered about \$5000 in trophies and money for the best exhibit in 112 classes, including almost every known variety of rose. A prize of \$250 will be awarded to the rose grower who makes the best display of cut roses covering 200 square feet, with not more than 1000 nor less than 500 blooms. Second and third prizes total also \$250.

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS When the Ghost Came

"WELL, it doesn't look haunted to me," said Carden. Then he turned to the agent. "What's your opinion?" he asked sharply. The agent looked unhappy. He possessed a nonconformist conscience, which at all times he found hard to reconcile with his profession.

"I wasn't living in Thorndyke at the time it happened, sir," he answered diplomatically. "and you know what village gossip is!" "Then, of course, you don't happen to believe in this particular story yourself?" inquired Carden, a trifle maliciously.

"I—really don't know what to believe," he answered frankly. "There are more things in heaven and earth—anyhow, it's a fine property," he exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm. "I agree with you there," said Carden, transferring his gaze from the agent to the house—a square, substantial affair, built of gray granite, up one side of which hung a curious creeper, one blaze of crimson tendrils.

"Ghost or no ghost, I'm inclined to risk it. What do you say, Marriot?" "That I'd like to hear more about that ghost before venturing an opinion," returned Marriot. "Remember, I've only heard scraps of the story up to now. It has been the pair, who kept themselves, hasn't it?" He jerked his head in the direction of the flaming wall of leaves.

"My dear chap, that is the ghost," retorted Carden impressively. "That creeper is the reason why people shiver past the agent's eyes at night, and the villagers will not enter the house for love or money. Briefly, some four years ago a mysterious foreign gentleman took the Grey house on a long lease. He was accompanied by a charming girl, many years his junior, who it appears, had extraordinarily long and silky black hair. The relationship between the two was doubtful, and was never explained by the pair, who kept themselves and refused to have any dealings with the county people.

"They were here for six months, and then suddenly," he flung out one hand dramatically, "they were here no more. One fine morning they had vanished, lock, stock and barrel; but—now comes the strangest part of the story—for the first time a curious scarlet creeper clung about the house. "You see where it twines red arms round that first-floor window? Well, gossip will tell you that some time at night a man's head is seen leaning out of the window, with long tendrils of the creeper winding about his neck. It seems to me rather a wild story."

"You might add, sir," interrupted the agent, "that although the mysterious creature has been cut down several times, it has always grown again." "And what is the explanation of it all?" asked Marriot curiously. "Well, of course, it's all nonsense, sir," he began apologetically; "but the village says that the gentleman murdered; the lady—there was quarreling heard in the night, it seems—and that the creeper is her ghost."

"What absolute rot it all is!" broke in Carden impatiently. But Marriot shook his head. "I shouldn't take the house if I were you, old chap," he said seriously. "There seems to me something ominous about it. I felt it as I rode up. I feel it standing here and I don't like the looks of that creeper, either. It's so confoundingly red."

"Nonsense!" retorted Carden. "It brings up the color of that old gray stone so splendidly. Anyhow, I think I'll risk it. I've no objection to a ghost myself, especially a young and pretty one." A little breeze sprang suddenly up and stirred the leaves of the creeper, so that they shook with a pleasant rustling sound. Carden took a step nearer, and laid one hand upon the crimson leaves. It was ridiculous, of course, and it wouldn't do to tell the others, but as he touched the creeper it was as if the soft, cool palm of a woman's hand had curled daintily into his.

A few weeks later found Carden installed in his new domain. Partly out of a sense of bravado, and partly because it happened to be the best room in the house, he chose for his own the one round the window of which the creeper clung with slender scarlet arms. The first night or two, a little, perhaps, to his relief, although he told himself he was disappointed, he slept soundly, a long, heavy slumber, unbroken by dreams. But the third night he awoke suddenly to a feeling of intense discomfort. It was as if he were being strangled in his sleep. He sat up sharply in bed and switched on the light.

A tall, slim woman, with long black hair flowing loosely upon her shoulders, and wrapped in something red and clinging, that fell open at the throat, stood by the bedside. But, even as he started, amazed, she vanished and there was only the heavy scent of the creeper twining about the open window in the room. When he awoke the next morning a few faded red leaves lay upon the parquet by his bed. His fingers trembled slightly as he stooped and picked them up. He trembled more a trifle after, for once again, as he touched them, it was as if a woman's hand had clasped his own.

Marriot, who, under protest, was staying with him, looked at him curiously as he sat opposite to him at breakfast. "Seen anything of the ghost, old chap?" he inquired, with well-feigned carelessness. For a moment Carden hesitated, then "No," he answered curtly, so curtly that Marriot, seeing that for some reason he was annoyed, changed the conversation.

"That evening, as they sat on the lawn after dinner, Carden saw the woman in red again. She was leaning out of his bedroom window, her chin propped in her two white hands. The moon was up, so he could see her quite distinctly. A pair of long black hair fell like an ebon streak across one shoulder; her mouth was a scarlet streak in the whiteness of her face. She was smiling, a little pensive smile that—dream, ghost or living woman—rendered her absolutely adorable. He started nervously when Marriot addressed him. "By Jove! how sinister that creeper looks in the moonlight!" he said. "Carden found himself looking stupidly at an empty window showing dark against the night."

"That's because you don't know it," he began, dreamily, then stopped. Marriot said nothing, but Carden, busily engaged in replenishing his pipe, had an idea that once again, as at breakfast, he looked at him sharply. It was only later on, when they separated for the night, that, seemingly irrelevantly, he said: "I say, Carden, about that ghost, you know; I should fight shy of her if she were to visit you. A lady who has been done to death by one man is not likely to feel enamored of the rest of the sex." He returned afterward that there had been a note of fear—as well as of contempt—in the boisterousness of the laughter with which Carden had greeted his remark.

But Carden, when he found himself alone in his room, so full of the subtle scent of the creeper, that his senses almost reeled, even to himself admitted no thought of fear. When he discovered that the wind had blown a few of the red leaves upon his pillow, where they lay glimmering in the electric light, he great splashes of blood, he only laughed again and kissed them as recklessly as he would have kissed, had she been there, the woman's mouth.

He was late for breakfast the next morning. Late that Marriot, after long waiting, went and knocked loudly at his bedroom door. No answer came back—then or afterward.

When Marriot, alarmed at last, broke open the door, the first glance showed him an empty, tumbled bed. The second glance showed him Carden kneeling at the open window. Wound tightly round his neck like the arms of a woman, were two long, slender strips of crimson creeper. Carden himself was dead.

VENDERS PLEDGE AID TO KEEP STREETS CLEAN Storekeepers Blamed for Throwing Rubbish Under Stands of Pushcartmen—Woman at Meeting

Pushcart vendors, licensed to trade on Fourth street, have pledged themselves to do their share in keeping rubbish off the streets of Philadelphia. The pledge was given at a meeting of the pushcartmen in the building of the Young Women's Union, 428 Bennington street. It was convened by Mrs. Yedda Shoemaker, head worker of the Young Women's Union Day Nursery, in order to cooperate with the Public Health Department in its campaign for clean and hygienic streets.

Morris Wattermaker, who has had a stand at Fourth and Bainbridge streets for eight years, accused storekeepers of littering the streets. He said many of them sweep rubbish from their stores under the carts of vendors. The same opinion was expressed by the only woman pushcart vendor present. She was Mrs. Rachael Bokorsky, who has a stand at 722 South Fourth street.

Authors' Relief Fund Incorporated NEW YORK, March 19.—Announcement was made here today of the incorporation of the Authors' Relief Fund, the purpose of which is to raise \$500,000 as an endowment for the relief of needy authors, painters, sculptors and newspaper men. Members of the Authors' League were the incorporators.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE AT THE GIMBEL STORE

Display of Gowns for Weddings and Other Functions a Treat to the Eye Behind the scenes at a fashion show. Hurry and confusion might be expected, but there is no such thing as that at the style show which is being held today on the seventh floor of the Gimbel store.

A visit there this morning just as the 11 o'clock fashion show was starting showed just what system is used in preparing forty-five pretty girls to show women what clothes are "the thing" for the coming season. Getting a bride ready is considered one of the most elaborate things which can be staged in any home. But in the Gimbel store this morning a bride, maids of honor, flower girls and a half dozen bridesmaids were all dressed in the twinkling of an eye. System is the keynote of the whole affair. That is how there can be a continuous procession of "pretty ladies" in pretty clothes, which are on sale at the Gimbel store. Miss Gertrude Newman, the genius behind the scenes, who is in charge of the costumes for the girls, and says whether the proper combination of shoes and hats and gloves has been made.

The scenery, the wonderful stage effects with orange lightings and shrubbery beauty raised to the nth power, as well as the starting of the models on their way out through the audience, in the work of "Jack" Fields. Georgette crepe predominates in all combinations of silk, serge and satin. A black and white gown for evening was a new creation which met with popular approval today. Tulle, ruffles, and khaki-like brought applause. The new sweater and flannel skirt combination made a new one piece, with the cuffs of khaki-like, was an innovation of the morning which caused astonishment and admiration.

Another innovation introduced by models at Gimbel's this morning was the Tuxedo gown, which a woman is to wear on such occasions as a man wears a Tuxedo suit. This gown has sleeves and a high neck in the back with a medium neck in the front and no collar.

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